

# THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

TWICE-A-WEEK . . . TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1905.

VOL. 60. NO. 54

CAPITAL  
\$100,000.00

ROCKLAND  
TRUST  
COMPANY

SURPLUS  
\$47,000.00

E. A. BUTLER, PRESIDENT,  
C. H. BERRY, VICE PRESIDENT,  
C. M. KALLOCH, SECRETARY

## TRUSTEES--

E. A. BUTLER, ISAAC C. GAY  
C. H. BERRY, F. C. KNIGHT  
S. A. BURPEE, C. E. LITTLEFIELD  
W. T. COBB, J. D. MAY  
R. H. CROCKETT, FRED E. RICHARDS  
G. L. FARRAND, H. SHEPHERD  
E. K. GLOVER, H. G. TIBBETTS  
W. T. WHITE

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS  
RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO CHECK  
MAINTAINS A TIME DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

Interest on Time Deposits 3 1-2 per cent

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

## WE OFFER

\$150,000 Camden & Rockland  
Water Company  
FOUR PER CENT  
MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS  
DUE 1925

Delivery to be made on or about August 1, 1905.

MAYNARD S. BIRD

SYNDICATE BLDG., ROCKLAND, ME.

The Rockland, Thomaston and  
Camden Street Railway  
is selling a

\$30 Gas Range  
for \$13.01

and Piping at Cost.

Hot weather is coming and you will  
be too late, if you do not order at once.

OFFICE and STORE 445 MAIN STREET  
ROCKLAND

Going to Paint?  
then use

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT  
and you'll get satisfaction every  
time; there's no better paint made.  
It's a pure lead, zinc, and linseed  
oil paint manufactured on uniform  
formulas, and by the latest and  
best machinery. No other paint  
gives the same satisfaction and  
wear at so small a cost. Forty-one  
beautiful shades. Color cards free.

SOLD BY

Simmons White & Company



## Uncle Sam Celebrates

his birthday on July 4th and is  
proud of his success in many  
fields of science and invention.  
There is no country in the world  
that excels the United States in  
dentistry, and we claim that  
there is no one that excels us in  
the art of crown and bridge  
work. We can make your teeth  
look as natural as Nature can  
make them.

Dr. J. H. DAMON, Dentist  
Office 302 Main St.  
Over Kittredge's Drug Store  
SIGN OF THE BIG D

## The Courier-Gazette.

TWICE-A-WEEK

ALL THE HOME NEWS

Published every Tuesday and Saturday morning  
from 409 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

Subscription \$2 per year in advance; \$2.50 if  
paid at the end of the year; single copies three  
cents.

Advertising rates based upon circulation and  
very reasonable.  
Communications upon topics of general in-  
terest are solicited.  
Entered at the postoffice at Rockland for cir-  
culation at second-class postal rates.

"I never listen to commies, because  
if they are true, I am the risk of  
being deceived; and if they are true,  
of having persons not worth thinking  
about."

A man cannot work more than 4 1/2  
hours a day in the quicksilver mines in  
Spain, nor can he work more than eight  
days a month. Nor are these union  
rules.

It is said that there was not a single  
newspaper correspondent with either  
fleet during the naval battle in the sea  
of Japan. Judging from the accounts  
which appeared in the daily papers  
there must have been some reporters  
in the newspaper offices.

The federal grand jury in Chicago  
has indicted 17 men prominent in the  
beef-packing industries for violation of  
the Sherman anti-trust law. There  
were several other indictments against  
beef firms. People who have been pay-  
ing 35 cents a pound for beefsteak will  
be interested in the outcome.

After witnessing the performance of  
Maxine Elliott, the American actress,  
in "Her Own Way," on her recent op-  
ening of the London season, King Ed-  
ward invited the actress to the royal  
box and personally complimented her.  
He spoke highly of the talent being  
sent over from America this season.

The battleship Hibernia and the arm-  
ored cruiser Achilles, together with  
30,000 tons, have been added to the  
British navy. The Hibernia was built at  
Davenport dockyard. As befits her  
name, she will be named as far as pos-  
sible by Irishmen from his class one  
which is the gift of Ireland. The Achil-  
les, which was launched at Elswick,  
is of the Duke of Edinburgh type.

About 100 years more will be required  
to complete the work of making a topo-  
graphical map of the country, which  
was begun by the United States govern-  
ment in 1852. The work is being car-  
ried on in co-operation with the states.  
New York, for example, having ap-  
propriated annually something like \$20,000  
as its share. There has never been a  
topographical map of the United States  
published other than rough sketches.  
For that reason the government work  
will be one of the largest ever made.

When Private John Allen was a student  
in a boarding school in Mississippi  
he used often to complain of illness.  
This usually brought a specially pre-  
pared breakfast with extras to his  
room. When missed from his class one  
morning the principal of the academy,  
who suspected there wasn't much the  
matter, went to the young student's  
room and said: "Mr. Allen, it seems  
that you are always sick." "Yes sir,"  
replied John; "Sir, I am."

Edward Bok, the Ladies' Home Journal  
editor, has taken the problem of tips, and suggests  
that for restaurants at least there  
should be a standard fee of 10 per cent.  
For the amount of the bill. This is an  
old suggestion, but a good one. The  
imputation of meanness in money mat-  
ters is one to which Americans are pec-  
uliarly sensitive; and if the newly fed  
man could hand out a prescribed fee,  
without any haunting suspicion that he  
was acting either like a miser or a  
spendthrift, the confidence and serenity  
thus obtained would be equal to at least  
one digestive tablet.

Admiral Dewey's analysis of the bat-  
tle of the sea of Japan brings him to  
these conclusions: That Togo has firm-  
ly established the supremacy of the  
battleship and finally exploded the the-  
ory that the torpedo boat will supersede  
the fighting ship; that torpedo boats  
and destroyers are valuable adjuncts to  
a navy only when used as Togo used  
them, to supplement and follow up the  
destructive fire of the battleships,  
which protect them till the time comes  
for their use; and that long training of  
the personnel of a navy is necessary to  
produce fighting crews. The lessons  
which he draws for the American navy  
are more battleships, much more rapid  
naval construction, and extended train-

ing of the men. These lessons, it is said,  
will be put to Congress next season.

The Dominion government is about to  
enter upon the construction of gigantic  
military works in the city and district  
of Quebec. The old citadel is to be over-  
hauled, and the three forts at Point  
Levis, and big guns put on all of them.  
At Beaumont, nine miles from the city,  
on the south shore, two large fortresses  
are to be constructed, commanding a  
full view of the channels up and down  
the river and costing about \$3,000,000.  
When they are done Quebec can go to  
sleep at night with an added sense of  
security, though it is a question wheth-  
er it will be a bit safer than it is now  
and has been ever since Wolfe and  
Montcalm, for the time being, settled  
its status on the Heights of Abraham.

Sable Island is about eighty miles to  
the eastward of Nova Scotia and con-  
sists of an accumulation of loose sand,  
forming a pair of ridges united at the  
two ends and enclosing a shallow lake.  
Tracts of grass are to be met with in  
places as well as pools of fresh water.  
The island sustains for troops of  
wild horses or ponies, descended, it is  
supposed, from stock cast ashore from a  
Spanish wreck early in the sixteenth  
century. Twenty-five years ago it was  
estimated that the ponies numbered  
from five to six hundred, but at present  
there are not quite two hundred, di-  
vided into five troops. A recent writer  
in "The Review of Reviews" comments  
on the striking likeness of these wild  
ponies to the horses of the Parthenon  
frieze and to the now exterminated tar-  
pan of Tartary. They also seem to re-  
semble the wild horses of Mexico.  
Though with shaggy coats, to meet the  
conditions of a rougher climate. The  
writer thinks that these equines ought  
to be carefully guarded to the end that  
an interesting equine type may be pre-  
served.

Will Cure a Cough  
Three Crow Pine and Elm.

Mr. Bowers is enthusiastic about the  
Boothbay Harbor hatchery, as he has  
been ever since its construction began.  
This summer's operations, however,  
have surpassed his expectations and  
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BOWERS IS PLEASED.

Over Prospects of Boothbay Hatchery  
Many Cod Eggs Secured.

Fish Commissioner Bowers is very  
happy over the figures he gets from  
Boothbay Harbor. "Just think of it,"  
said he, "we have secured 75,000,000 cod  
eggs at the Boothbay hatchery this sea-  
son. My predictions about the feasi-  
bility of securing cod eggs in May and  
June have been fully verified and we  
shall hatch at that station this year  
about 40,000,000 cod."

The commissioner takes a lively inter-  
est in the planting of fish in Maine wa-  
ters. "Do you know," he added, "when  
I have a million or two fish eggs left  
over and am looking for some place to  
plant them, I often go into the state of  
Maine. They always did co-operate  
cordially with me in Maine. There  
is Hon. F. E. Boothby, general passen-  
ger and ticket agent of the Maine Cen-  
tral, who takes a very keen interest in  
promoting the fish supply of Maine  
lakes and streams. Mr. Boothby and  
the Maine Central always extend all  
the facilities in their power to the com-  
mission in distributing fish throughout  
Maine. So do the officials of the Bos-  
ton & Maine."

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This summer's operations, however,  
have surpassed his expectations and  
promise to fully further his plans to  
make Boothbay Harbor the biggest cod  
hatchery by far in this country.

Forced to Starve.  
B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says:  
"For 20 years I suffered agonies, with  
a sore on my upper lip so painful, some-  
times, that I could not eat. After  
vainly trying everything else, I cured  
it with Bucklin's Arnica Salve." It's  
great for burns, cuts and wounds. At  
W. H. Kittredge Rockland, and G. I.  
Robinson, Thomaston and L. M.  
Chandler, Camden, drug stores; only 25  
cents.

Mr. Bowers is enthusiastic about the  
Boothbay Harbor hatchery, as he has  
been ever since its construction began.  
This summer's operations, however,  
have surpassed his expectations and  
promise to fully further his plans to  
make Boothbay Harbor the biggest cod  
hatchery by far in this country.

VINALHAVEN GRADUATION.

The Class Entertains a Large Number of  
Relatives and Friends.

The graduation exercises of the class  
of 1905 Vinalhaven high school, occur-  
red Friday afternoon of last week in  
Memorial hall. The stage was draped  
with bunting and backed with green  
and white, while across the proscenium  
was placed bunting mounted with the  
motto "Finis sed initium est" in letters  
of gold. The center of the hall and  
sides of the balcony were also artistically  
decorated with yellow and white  
streamers of bunting. In addition to  
the stage decorations mentioned were  
palm and ferns. On the stage also was  
an oak table on which was placed the  
diplomas tied with the class colors, and  
the gifts for each member of the class.

The work of decorating was under  
the charge of B. L. Lane and to him  
the class owe much gratitude for the  
tasteful arrangement displayed. At 2:30  
to the strains of Bucklin's orchestra,  
the school marshalled by Lyford Arey,  
marched to their seats followed by the  
graduates. On the stage were seated  
Supt. T. M. Coombs, Rev. A. H. Han-  
scom, and teachers, L. T. Gray, Miss  
Mabel Norcross and members of the  
graduating class.

After the overture, prayer was offered  
by Mr. Hanscom and the program car-  
ried out in the order printed. Each  
participant did his and her part well  
and much credit is reflected upon the  
teachers.

Interpersed with the class parts were  
vocal solos by Miss Albra J. Vinal, Miss  
Blanche Hamilton and Mrs. I. C. Cross  
which were received with a great deal  
of pleasure. The orchestra rendered  
some delightful selections and received  
a generous share of praise.

Below is given extracts from each of  
the class parts. Miss Rose L. Teyn-  
olds, salutatorian, spoke as follows:  
"Mingled with sunshine and clouds,  
prosperity and adversity, is the life of  
every individual, and whether we are  
prepared, only time and the manner in  
which we acquit ourselves will tell. Of  
those men who did much to influence  
the literature of England in the 19th  
century, Sir Walter Scott stands as one  
of the most eminent. He was distin-  
guished among his friends for his great  
memory. He attained great success in  
poetry until Byron began to write.  
Without jealousy, with manliness,  
without hatred, with gentleness, Scott  
admitted that a greater poet than him-  
self had come, and instead of vieing  
for his lost supremacy, he praised his  
rival, and left the arena with an hon-  
or. Few men could have done this, but  
Scott did it, and did it easily, which  
proves the manliness of his nature and  
exhibits the generosity that marked his  
character."

Scott made history live and his his-  
toric portraits are correct.  
The impressions his writings pro-  
duce upon us, that of a wholly sound  
and wholesome nature. It was because  
the man was so much greater than the  
ends for which he strove, that there is  
a sort of grandeur in the tragic fate  
which denied them to him, yet showed  
to all the world the infinite superiority  
of the striver to the toy he was thus  
passionately craving."

Wm. Adelbert Smith, the class orator,  
well analyzed his subject, "Should U. S.  
Senators Be Elected By Popular Vote?"  
"To no national question is due deeper  
thought. It is comparatively new  
sweeping down upon this country of  
ours who make up the greatest nation  
of the world have been and are being so  
rashly unobserved by the Senate that  
our basal constitution seems rather the  
form than the substance. But men are  
waking from their lethargy and are not  
long distant is a reform that will for-  
ever end monarchical tendencies and  
infinitely prolong Republicanism."

"A large majority of the senators  
represent first of all the railroads and  
trusts and other powerful interests  
which bought them their seats, and  
their actions reflect them only too plain-  
ly upon the public. The public sees upon  
them. The business of the Senate is  
carried on in secret. But in such an  
important question as that relating to  
Sun Downing there is no good reason  
because the subject is so important  
why it should not



## Thomaston Again Visited By Waymouth.







## THE MINORITY

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

The din of Kennard's factory was more than the average person could long endure. It was deafening, bewildering, maddening, according to the state of the nerves attacked, but always penetrating and insistent. The difference between the noise of a busy shipyard with thousands of hammers beating iron rivets or steel plates and the noise of Kennard's shops was merely one of duration, not of degree. The hammers in shipyards sometimes rest; the machinery of the factory was in motion day and night. Some one dubbed Kennard's private office "the pilot-house," and the name was not inapt. Sound-deadening walls and doors afforded grateful shelter from the tempest of noise without, and gave to the place that calm atmosphere of guidance and control which bespeaks the chariotroom of storm-swept ships. Every time the massive door opened, little gusts of noise whirled in with the snarl and shriek of railroad cars passing one another at lightning speed; every time the door closed the sudden silence seemed to jar the brain—and the door was always opening or closing. But John Kennard was not interested in the physical effects of these contrasts, for the excellent reason that he was unconscious of them. He had lived in the factory so long that the nerves which once might have protested against its crash and roar were happily unresponsive. The sound-proof room was a concession to the weakness of visitors.

There was no use knocking for admission at the door of "the pilot-house." The summons could not be heard. But mischievous office boys often allowed strangers to bruise their knuckles before pointing to the electric button encircled by the words "Push twice." Even then they did not always explain the answering ring until the visitor lost his temper. The deliberate movements of a ponderous individual who stood before Mr. Kennard's door one morning in September were not, however, induced by doubt. He rang the bell twice, heard the answering tinkle, pulled open the heavy door, and stepping inside, gradually checked its swing with his brawny back. The prolonged ring of sound did not disturb Mr. Kennard, but as the lock gently clicked into place he glanced up from his writing, pushed some papers across his large flat-topped desk, and addressed the visitor in a brisk, cheery tone.

"Hello, Mullin. How are you? Sit down."

"Oh, well, thank 'ee, sorr. Leastways I'm well, but don't feel so."

Kennard gazed at the great good-natured bulk of a man who stood awkwardly wiping one hand on his greasy-smeared overalls and gravely stroking his clean-shaven chin with the other. But if he felt any inclination to laugh at the picture, no trace of it showed in his voice as he asked—

"Why don't you feel well, Patrick?"

"Shure, 'tis little Mary Ann, sorr."

"Yes; what's wrong with her?"

"Oh don't know as Oi can rightly tell, sorr, but Dr. Farley's been a-sayin' in 'is meed amputate her leg, an' she only 'dven."

"No! What has happened?"

"Well, sorr, the children did be playin' in the scarp-in pile, and Mary Ann cut her leg 'Twill be two weeks come Thursday next. Shure we thought nothin' at it at all till it got no better, and then we sent for Dr. Farley, who says 'tis mortified it is and must be amputate."

"This is bad news, Patrick—very bad indeed. I'm more sorry than I can say. Is there nothing I can do?"

"'Tis was thinkin' sorr, perhaps ye'd be knowin' some other doctor who'd take a look at little Mary Ann befor—"

"Why? yes, of course. Martin will do it gladly. Here, take this card to him. Dr. Farley won't be offended if you speak to him about it. Martin's one of the foremost surgeons in the city. Maybe something can be done. I hope so, anyway. Go right home now, see Farley, and ask him to call in Martin. Never mind reporting up-stairs. I'll speak to the foreman myself. Let me hear as soon as possible how you're getting on. My respects and sympathy to Mrs. Mullin. Good-day. Please send Merrill and Sanders to me as you go out."

"Yiz, sorr, thank 'ee, sorr."

The opened door let in a mighty peal of iron thunder which was muffled, choked and silenced in the heavy clothing swing; but Kennard, absorbed in his work, took no note of Merrill and Sanders' presence until he saw the two clerks standing beside him. Then he instantly ceased writing and pulling a sheet of paper from a drawer of the desk, addressed the elder man.

"Mr. Merrill, as I figure it, we have \$4,275 to meet to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you think we'd better have ten thousand from the bank then?"

"There will be more than enough in the first morning mail, sir—to—"

"Yes, I know. But Baird is slow, and Dudley will probably make some deduction, so we won't be able to deposit his check. They amount to over \$17,000, don't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then please make the necessary arrangements with the bank, Mr. Merrill, and let me know when it's done. That's all, thank you. Mr. Sanders, how many 'A' machines have we in stock?"

"Well—er—about thirty, I think, sir," replied the clerk, hesitatingly. "Don't you know?"

"Not exactly, sir. There may be 25."

"More than that, I think, sir, but really I couldn't say offhand."

"Why not?"

The clerk flushed at the direct, insistent question, and though the face of his employer showed no sign of anger he remained silent, shifting his



"SURE, 'TIS LITTLE MARY ANN, SORR."

## Four Facts For Sick Women To Consider

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has an Unequalled Record of Cures—Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Is Confidential, Free, and Always Helpful

FIRST.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacements of the uterus, pain in the side, burning sensation in the vagina, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

SECOND.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, all internal and ovarian inflammation, weakness and displacements, regulating menstruation perfectly and overcoming its pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the change of life.

THIRD.—The great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

FOURTH.—Every ailing woman in the United States is asked to accept the following invitation. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

**Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.**—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

As a matter of fact, John Kennard knew almost every man of the 800 in his employ. To his mind this was the most important detail of his business, and in it he took more than a business interest.

There was no need for any one to enter upon long explanations with the boss. He wasted no time by inspecting the wrong things, but went straight to the point. Brisk as his movements were, his work was never hurried. Sureness of purpose and practical experience made thoroughness and dispatch possible.

In half an hour he was back at his desk in the pilot-house, signing and dictating letters, checking off columns of figures, directing clerks, receiving callers, reading reports, and taking notes while messengers and office boys, foremen, salesmen, brokers, contractors, customers, and friends drifted in and out to the roar, shriek, snarl, and hiss of the opening and closing door. Thus ten hours vanished.

"Party to see you outside, sir. Won't give his name," reported an office boy.

"No. I won't see him."

The boy retired, but speedily returned.

"He says he telephoned you to-day, and his name's McManis."

"McManis? I don't know him. Here, Merrill, go and see what he wants."

The clerk returned in a few moments, looking puzzled.

"The man won't talk to me, sir. He's rather a tough-looking character, and acts as though he'd been drinking. He says if you don't see him you'll be sorry."

"That settles it. I won't see him. Go out and tell him so, George, and let me know when he's gone. It's nearly six o'clock, and I want to go home."

CHAPTER II.

The Theopians' club is always quiet—so quiet, indeed, that a stranger is apt to suspect the existence of house rules requiring whispered conversation and prohibiting laughter. The influence of the place extends even to the servants, and if a waiter should announce the service of dinner in an ordinary tone instead of confidentially communicating information in your ear, it is safe to assume the chef has a new man in the dining-room. But after one becomes acclimated this air of gloom seems to evaporate and the atmosphere is restful rather than oppressive. So, whenever Kennard turned his steps toward Gramercy park, it was with the intention of relaxing the Theopians and closing his friendly portal against the noisy clamor of his favorite phantom—business. He had pursued the phantom relentlessly for more than 15 years, had caught up with it, tested its shadow substance and passed through it, only to be pursued by it. At 18 years of age he had dedicated his life to, carrying forward a business which three generations of Kennards had built up, and he had succeeded. This devotion had cost him many a premature gray hair—but what are gray hairs when one's life has been dedicated?

John Kennard, the third of his name and only grandson of the founder of the house, had made money—plenty of money—long before he was 30, but he worked on with feverish zeal until his partner died. Then the chase began to lose interest. He had been "hunting in couples" too long, he said, to work alone—he was unmarried, there was no one who had a claim on him—he would abandon the pursuit. But when he hinted at this intention, there was such dismay pictured on the faces of his employees, that he decided there were some who had claims on him, after all, and reconsidered his determination. He reorganized his entire factory in the interest of his employees, and settling into the saddle again, started out for a new goal.

But the chase somehow lacked its old fascination. The whole thing seemed too much like a game, and he would smile occasionally to find himself taking it so seriously—mechanically interested, instinctively excited about things which, when he stopped to think, were of little or no importance. What was the use of fretting over Smith's pettiness or quarreling with Jones about a mere matter of dollars? And yet the life consisted of details, none of which could be disregarded with impunity.

There were days, however, when the struggle embittered him almost beyond endurance, when every face looked hostile or strange, and he longed to have done with it all and drift far away from the restless bustle and ceaseless din. It was at such times that he took refuge in the Theopians, where business seldom entered, and the conversation of the library or smoking-room had other topics than money, mart, or trade.

There were not many members in the club when Kennard entered. This he could see by a glance at the door-keeper's list as he handed his coat and hat to the servant. He passed up the few steps leading from the entrance to the square hall, stopped mechanically at the head of the stairs, and taking the letters out of the pigeon-hole, looked them over.

"I thought you always had your mail addressed to the office."

He turned and smiled at the speaker. "Hello, Nettleton! Haven't seen you for a long time."

"Because you haven't been here."

"I suppose that's true, but if you'd been really friendly, you would have written these friends to me."

"Speaking of friends, go into the front room and listen to the argument between Mason and Wilder. It's as good as a play. Better than some."

"Thanks, but your retreat is suspicious."

"Oh, I'm going back again. You'll find them in the front room."

Kennard passed through the square hall to the lounge-room, and found himself in a group of men seated around a low table.

"Hello, Jack!" cried out Mason, as he joined the circle; "you're just the fellow we want. We've been arguing until we're all talked out and obstinate. Sit down and give us the benefit of a fresh mind on the subject."

"Don't let them draw you into this," drawled Leigh, a handsome southerner, sitting with his long legs thrown over the arm of his chair. "It's sheer waste of mental tissue—like solving riddles without prizes."

"Oh, we know your philosophy, Leigh—whatever it is, and whatever isn't it, so what's the use of talking about it? But think the Lord, we're not all so mentally lazy."

"Um. I think without talking and you talk without thinking; but as to mental activity—"

"Well, just continue your thinking part for a few minutes and let's hear what Kennard has to say about this thing. Now, Harlan, and all of you, see if I don't state the case fairly. By the way, Kennard, you haven't met Mr. Harlan. Allow me to introduce you, gentlemen."

Kennard leaned forward in his chair to greet a tall clean-shaven man who had risen at Mason's introduction.

"Are you responsible for this apple of discord?" asked Kennard, as he shook Mr. Harlan's hand.

"I'm afraid I am, quite unintentionally. An hour ago I supposed there was only one side to the question, and that the one I held myself."

The man smiled pleasantly as he spoke.

"The case is this," began Mason. "My friend Mr. Harlan and I knew two men who were life-long friends. They were classmates in school and roommates in college. Some years ago they came to New York and lived in the same house. One of the men was more successful than the other, and from time to time the latter borrowed money from the former."

"Doesn't he do it beautifully?" asked Wilder, addressing Leigh with mock gravity. "Could any lawyer make it more complicated?"

"Hush!" replied Leigh, holding up a sheet of paper. "I'm figuring out who the 'one' is and who the 'other'—which 'the latter' and what 'the former'."

"Don't confuse me!"

"As I was saying, these gentlemen interrupted," he began, and paused so theatrically that another interruption threatened—"as I was saying, one of the men borrowed money of the other until the borrowings grew into a large total. The debtor gave in payment his mother's notes endorsed by himself. When these were presented for payment it turned out that the mother's signature had been forged and the lender promptly had his friend arrested and sent to Sing Sing. Now, Mr. Harlan says he would rather take the hand of the forger than that of the man who sent his intimate friend to jail, while I and some of the others think he ought to do his duty to the community at large. Haven't I stated the case fairly?" he concluded, pompously.

"You might have put it more briefly," commented Wilder. "One man committed forgery and the other committed his friend or had his friend committed. There's the thing in a nutshell, and for my part I don't want to know either gentleman—with all due respect to your friends, Mr. Harlan."

"Which side do you take, Kennard?" asked Mason, ignoring the speaker.

"I don't think I take either side," replied Kennard, determined not to gratify Mason's desire for argument. "It's difficult enough to judge such a case when you know all the surrounding circumstances; without them it's quite impossible. On the whole, I'm inclined to agree with Wilder, that neither man seems a particularly desirable acquaintance."

"I think the man who is capable of sending his bosom friend to Sing Sing would commit forgery or any other crime under provocation," asserted Mr. Harlan, "but I am not sure the forger would betray his friend, so I give him the benefit of the doubt. That's the way I feel about it. But, then, friendship with me is almost a religion."

Kennard gazed at the speaker with a new interest. There was something in the man's voice that compelled attention, but which fascinated rather than commanded. He had been conscious of a deep-toned musical voice when Mr. Harlan first spoke, but now the earnest, hearty ring of honest conviction sounding through each note completed the charm and made him study the man more closely.

"Who is Mr. Harlan?" whispered Kennard to one of his neighbors, as Mason began to air his views once more.

"He's first vice president of the Milling Companies. Haven't you ever heard of him before? No, he's not a member here. Mason introduced him. A very able man they say, and mighty good company. Help me switch Mason off this confounded topic and you'll find an interesting man in his friend."

"If you make friendship a religion, Mr. Harlan," began Kennard, as soon as Mason gave him an opening, "you must have been both fortunate and unfortunate in your friendships."

"Why?"

"Because in learning to appreciate true friendship, one is apt to be taught its rareness, and that is a bitter lesson."

"Quite true. Such experiences produce either cynics or devotees. As for myself, I have learned to believe that friendship appeals to the highest aspirations of mankind. All the human relations are, to a greater or less degree, selfish. But the motives underlying friendship seem to me almost free of that cloying touch. Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friend. There is the Biblical authority for my contention. But if friendship is the highest form of the human relation, it requires a high law for its guidance, and, perhaps, severer judgment for its profanation. It is the spirit of friendship, and not the relationship, which should interpret that splendid dream about the brotherhood of man."

"Good Lord!" whispered Leigh to Wilder. "Harlan's in the pulp it now. This has got to be stopped. I'm desperate!"

"Speaking of brotherhoods," he reminded, "how's the new plan working at your factory, Kennard?"

"First-rate, thank you."

"What's your plan, if I may inquire?" asked Mr. Harlan.

"If you are interested in economics, Mr. Kennard, I should like—"

"Interested!" laughed Leigh. "He lives them all day long and dreams them all night. He works ten hours a day for his workmen and they work eight for themselves. Then he pays them for 12 and goes home to think out how he can better their condition."

"You've heard what Mr. Leigh's specialty is, Mr. Harlan; now you know why we interdict it," said Kennard, as he joined in the general laugh.

"Yes; but if half what he says is true, perhaps you have solved some of the difficulties that to-day cause so many strikers to starve."

"Strikes!" interrupted Leigh. "He's got a waiting list of applicants for jobs two years ahead. It's the biggest snap in the city. Mason and I filed applications, but Kennard knew Mason, and my application hasn't been acted upon yet, I imagine."

"You've got too much imagination for a lawyer, and I vote that if my hobby's to be ridden at all I put it through its paces myself. However, I move we stable it."

"Second the motion," said Wilder.

"I dislike to move an adjournment," remarked Mr. Harlan, rising as he spoke, "but I have an engagement, as I told you, Mr. Mason, at nine o'clock. I should be delighted to see you put your hobby through its paces, Mr. Kennard, for the subject is one in which I am deeply interested. I must say good-night now, but I hope we may soon meet again for a rocking-horse ride. Good-night, gentlemen."

At his room that night Kennard found in his pocket the unopened letter he had taken from the club post-box. It was an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Danville Parsons to meet Mr. Joshua Harlan at dinner on the following Wednesday.

CHAPTER III.

"You know I have not the slightest idea who your name is."

"Were I long-winded I could almost discover yours."

"Really? I'll put temptation out of your way."

The girl turned down the small dinner-card at her right hand, and smiled triumphantly at the man beside her.

"I took a similar precaution earlier in the evening," he answered calmly, pointing to the edge of a card protruding from his waistcoat pocket.

"Do you think I require that, to learn all I want to know?"

"Yes, for the time being."

"You forget my right-hand neighbor."

"Who doesn't know me?"

"Then you are not the guest of the evening whom every one is supposed to meet?"

"By no means."

"Is there a guest of the evening? I hope not. It seems as though every dinner invitation I've had lately was labelled 'To meet somebody or other. It really sounds ridiculous. But as I remember it, we're free from that tonight."

"I hate to disillusion you, but my invitation had a tag to it."

"Did it? Who is the lion, then? I suppose I ought to know him."

"Mr. Harlan?"

The girl burst out into merry laughter, while Kennard stared at her.

"Do tell me what is so amusing."

"Why, it's more ridiculous than any of the others. It's like being asked to meet—well, to meet your own father."

"You know him, then?"

"Intimately. Haven't you met?"

"I do not," she answered.

"Then you are not the guest of the evening whom every one is supposed to meet?"

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"Intimately. Haven't you met?"

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trail with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

**What is CASTORIA**

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, making direct connections for Texas, Mexico, Colorado, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma and all intermediate points.

**Fast Vestibuled Trains Daily**

Tourist Cars for Chicago (berth, \$2.75), connecting with Tourist Cars for all points west, leave Boston on famous "Continental Limited," Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, connecting at Rotterdam Junction with "The train from New York, same days."

Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free).

Privilege of Stopping Off 10 Days at Niagara Falls.

For reservation of Pullman Palace Car Sleeping Berths, also Pullman Tourist Car Berths, Rates, etc., apply to B. H. McLELLAN, G. E. A., 107 Broadway, New York. J. D. McLELLAN, N. E. P. A., 170 Washington St., Boston. C. H. McLELLAN, G. E. A., 110 & 112 Chestnut St., Phila. J. E. HARRY, Tourist Agent, 170 Washington St., Boston.

"Yes—once before, which made me wish to meet him again to-night."

"I can understand that."

"Then he isn't one of those men who are interesting for an hour and bores forever after?"

"Not at all!"

"I'm glad to hear it. Tell me something more about him. Who and what is he?"

"Well, he's a very clever business man, and vice president of the Milling Companies, and lots of other things in other companies. He's a great reader, a splendid conversationalist, and—yes, I'm an admirer of his, so I think I'd better stop and let you form your own judgment."

"He is married?"

"He is a widower and has one daughter."

"If she is like him, she must be charming. Is she here?"

"Yes. I'll see that you're presented after dinner, if you'll find some one to introduce you to me."

"Which is she?"

"Which is she? Dear me, Mr. Harlan has made an impression! Let me look. You see that girl at the other end of the table?"

"The one with carnations in her hair? Yes, you must certainly introduce me."

The girl laughed delightedly.

"I will when I know your name. Does that force you to reveal your identity?"

"You have not done so."

"Ah—let me see? Is that a compliment, I wonder? Don't tell, please. It's so nice to balance the possibilities of a neatly turned phrase. We women are supposed to live on compliments, but I think I'll ever so much rather to cherish a remark whose pretty side can cheer and its brutal side correct."

"You are a philosopher."

"No, and I don't think I'd like to be."

"Why not?"

"Because, philosophers always seem to me a weary sort of people who have found all their dolls stuffed with sawdust, and have resolved not to care."

"But all philosophers are not stotes."

"No, but they have a touch of it in their way of looking at things. Some of them find their dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and then hunt around for things to offset this. They think of the flexibility of the dolls, the cheapness of their construction, their freedom from disease. They're calm, resigned, contented, perhaps, but they're never just glad."

"And you like to be 'just glad'?"

"Yes, I do! I like to feel thankful I'm alive, merry with the joy of sunshine, happy with the sense of singing. Oh, I like to be glad in my heart, not merely in my head—don't you?"

"I do, indeed," Kennard answered warmly. "But I'm afraid I don't know the secret of succeeding. Do you ever take disciples?"

"Not here in the city. Mine is a what do you call those philosophies with lots of exercise in them?"

"Peripatetic?"

"Yes, peripatetic. But it's too dangerous here in the city with trolleys and cables! And there's nothing to see but ugly bricks and pavement; not even the sky-line of the buildings."

"While in the country?"

"You have a chance to live! You can get out in the wind and let it blow your hair about, and breathe down big draughts of it. You can see colors and shadows, and hear music and laughter, and run free with the singing and the

birth of it all. Don't you understand?"

"I think I could learn."

The girl suddenly stopped and looked across the table.

"Thank you for checking me with that ceremonious phrase. I let myself run on for a moment, quite forgetting we were at Mrs. Parsons' formal dinner to meet Mr. Harlan, and that we hadn't been introduced."

"Please absolve my idiotic remarks of any such intention and show your belief in my sincerity by running on again."

"No, I've monopolized the conversation quite long enough. What are your enthusiasms? You have some, haven't you? she asked with comic anxiety.

"Yes, I think so. Hobbies are enthusiasms, aren't they?"

"Yes, if you ride them enthusiastically."

"In pursuit of the gladness you speak of?"

"No, no! With the gladness, of course."

"Ah, but my hobby is a bit jaded, I'm afraid. He can't keep up."

"How disappointing! But what is it?"

"A factory."

"Yes, and the people in it."

"Oh, I think that is splendid!"

"I should never describe it by such an adjective. It's interesting at times, disheartening at others; broadening in one respect, narrowing in another; but never splendid."

"But doesn't it affect a great many people?"

"Yes."

"And you don't have a chance to influence their lives?"

"I suppose so—in some slight degree."

"And don't you think that's splendid? Oh, you do need a run in the country!"

The girl laughed with frank merriment.

"Some day I shall ask you to show me the way."

"Very well, I will—after we've been properly introduced. But there's our hostess signalling us to leave you to the real purpose of the evening, the meeting with Mr. Harlan; so au revoir—"

Kennard rose and pulled back the chair.

"I do hope you'll like him," she said smilingly, as she passed toward the drawing-room.

As the butler pulled the portiers together, Kennard felt a hand on his arm, and turned to see Mr. Harlan standing beside him.

"Good evening, Mr. Kennard, this is an unexpected pleasure. I've been trying to catch your eye all the evening, but my daughter has monopolized you disgracefully—disgracefully!"

(To be continued.)

**Worms?**

Many children are troubled with worms, and it is a common cause of illness. A few drops of Dr. True's Elixir will kill the worms, and give the child a healthy appetite.

**Dr. True's Elixir**

Chas. E. Neservey

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## THE MINORITY

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," etc.

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### CHAPTER I.

The din of Kennard's factory was more than the average person could long endure. It was deafening, bewildering, maddening, according to the state of the nerves attacked, but always penetrating and insistent. The difference between the noise of a busy shipyard with thousands of hammers beating iron rivets or steel plates and the noise of Kennard's shops was merely one of duration, not of degree. The hammers in shipyards sometimes rest; the machinery of the factory was in motion day and night. Some one dubbed Kennard's private office "the pilot-house," and the name was not inapt. Sound-deadening walls and doors afforded grateful shelter from the tempest of noise without, and gave to the place that calm atmosphere of guidance and control which bespeaks the chartroom of storm-swept ships. Every time the massive door opened, little gusts of noise whirled in with the snarl and shriek of railroad cars passing one another at lightning speed; every time the door closed the sudden silence seemed to jar the brain—and the door was always opening or closing. But John Kennard was not interested in the physical effects of these contrasts, for the excellent reason that he was unconscious of them. He had lived in the factory so long that the nerves which once might have protested against its crash and roar were happily unresponsive. The sound-proof room was a concession to the weakness of visitors.

There was no use knocking for admission at the door of "the pilot-house." The summons could not be heard. But mischievous office boys often allowed strangers to bruise their knuckles before pointing to the electric button encircled by the words "Push twice." Even then they did not always explain the meaning of the ring until the visitor lost his temper.

The deliberate movements of a ponderous individual who stood before Mr. Kennard's door one morning in September were not, however, induced by doubt. He rang the bell twice, heard the answering tinkle, pulled open the heavy door, and stepping inside, gradually checked his swing with his brawny back. The prolonged riot of sound did not disturb Mr. Kennard, but as the lock gently clicked into place he glanced up from his writing, pushed some papers across his large flat-topped desk, and addressed the visitor in a brisk, cheery tone.

"Hello, Mullin. How are you? Sit down."

"Oh, I'm well, thank 'ee, sorr. Leastways O'm well, but don't feel so." Kennard gazed at the great good-natured bulk of a man who stood awkwardly wiping one hand on his greasy-smeared overalls and gravely stroking his clean-shaven chin with the other. But if he felt his inclination to laugh at the picture, no trace of it sounded in his voice as he asked—

"Why don't you feel well, Patrick?"

"Shure, 'tis little Mary Ann, sorr."

"Yes; what's wrong with her?"

"Oh, don't know as Oi can rightly tell, sorr, but Dr. Farley's been after sayin' he must amputate her leg, an' she only fivins."

"No! What has happened?"

"Well, sorr, the children did be for playin' in the scrap-iron pile, and Mary Ann cut her leg 'twill be two weeks come Thursday next. Shure we thought nothin' at all till it got no better, and then we sent for Dr. Farley, who says she's mortified it is and must be amputated."

"This is bad news, Patrick—very bad indeed. I'm more sorry than I can say. Is there nothing I can do?"

"I was thinkin', sorr, perhaps you'd be knowin' some other doctor tho'd take a look at little Mary Ann befor—"

"Why yes, of course. Martin will go it gladly. Here, take this card to him. Dr. Farley won't be offended if you speak to him about it. Martin's one of the foremost surgeons in the city. Maybe something can be done. I hope so, anyway. Go right home now, see Farley, and ask him to call in Martin. Never mind reporting upstairs. I'll speak to the foreman myself. Let me hear as soon as possible how you're getting on. My respects and sympathy to Mrs. Mullin. Good-day. Please send Merrill and Sanders to me as you go out."

"Yiz, sorr. Thank 'ee, sorr."

The opened door let in a mighty peal of iron thunder which was muffled, choked and silenced in the heavy clothing swing, but Kennard, absorbed in his work, took no note of Merrill's and Sanders' presence until he saw the two clerks standing beside him. Then he instantly ceased writing, and pulling a sheet of paper from a drawer of the desk, addressed the elder man.

"Mr. Merrill, as I figure it, we have \$41,275 to meet to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you think we'd better have ten thousand from the bank then?"

"There will be more than enough in the first morning mail, sir—to—"

"Yes, I know. But Baird is slow, and Dudley will probably make some deduction, so we won't be able to deposit his check. They amount to over \$17,000, don't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then please make the necessary arrangements with the bank, Mr. Merrill, and let me know when it's done. That's all, thank you. Mr. Sanders, how many 'A' machines have we in stock?"

"Well—er—about thirty, I think, sir," replied the clerk, hesitatingly.

"Don't you know?"

"Not exactly, sir. There may be 25."

"Or five."

"More than that, I think, sir, but really I couldn't say offhand."

"Why not?"

The clerk flushed at the direct, insistent question, and though the face of his employer showed no sign of anger he remained silent, shifting his



"SURE, 'TIS LITTLE MARY ANN, SORR."

## Four Facts For Sick Women To Consider

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has an Unequalled Record of Cures—Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Is Confidential, Free, and Always Helpful

FIRST.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacements of the uterus, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

SECOND.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates the system, gives absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

THIRD.—The great volume of unsoiled and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

FOURTH.—Every ailing woman in the United States is asked to accept the following invitation. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. From symptoms given your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of the vast volume of experience that has been gained by Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

As a matter of fact, John Kennard knew almost every man of the 800 in his employ. To his mind, this was the most important detail of his business, and in it he took more than a business interest.

There was no need for any one to enter upon long explanations with the boss. He wasted no time by inspecting the wrong things, but went straight to the point. Brisk as his movements were, his mind was as quick as a flash. Surges of purpose and practical experience made thoroughness and dispatch possible.

In half an hour he was back at his desk in the pilot-house, signing and dictating letters, checking off columns of figures, directing clerks, receiving reports, reading reports, and taking notes, white messengers and office boys, foremen, salesmen, brokers, contractors, customers, and friends drifted in and out to the roar, shriek, snarl, and hiss of the opening and closing door. Thus ten hours vanished.

"Party to see you outside, sir. Won't give his name," reported an office boy.

"Then I won't see him."

The boy retired, but speedily returned.

"He says he telephoned you to-day, and his name's McManis."

"McManis? I don't know him. Here, Merrill, go and see what he wants."

The clerk returned in a few moments, looking puzzled.

"The man won't talk to me, sir. He's rather a tough-looking character, and acts as though he'd been drinking. He says if you don't see him you'll be sorry."

"That settles it. I won't see him. Go out and tell him so, George, and let me know when he's gone. It's nearly six o'clock, and I want to go home."

### CHAPTER II.

The Thespians' club is always quiet—so quiet, indeed, that a stranger is apt to suspect the existence of house rules requiring whispered conversation and prohibiting laughter. The influence of the place extends even to the servants, and if a waiter should announce the service of dinner in an ordinary tone he would be noted as communicating that information in your ear, it is safe to assume the chef has a new man in the dining-room. But after one becomes acclimated this air of gloom seems to evaporate and the atmosphere is restful rather than oppressive. So, when ever Kennard turned his steps toward Gramercy park, it was with the intention of reaching the Thespians and closing his friendly portal against the noisy clamor of his favorite phantom—business. He had pursued the phantom relentlessly for more than 15 years, had caught up with it, tested its shadow substance, and passed through it, only to be pursued by it. At 15 years of age he had dedicated his life to carrying forward a business which three generations of Kennards had built up and he had succeeded. This devotion had cost him many a premature gray hair—but what are gray hairs when one's life has been dedicated?

John Kennard, the third of his name and only grandson of the founder of the house, had made money—plenty of money—long before he was 30, but he worked on with feverish zeal until his partner died. Then the chase began to lose interest. He had been "hunting in couples" too long, he said, to work alone—he was unmarried, there was no one who had a claim on him—he would abandon the pursuit. But when he hinted at this intention, there was such dismay pictured on the faces of his employees, that he decided there were some who had claims on him after all, and reconsidered his determination. He reorganized his entire factory in the interest of his employees, and settling into the saddle again, started out for a new goal.

But the chase somehow lacked its old fascination. The whole thing seemed too much like a game, and he would smile occasionally to find himself taking it so seriously—mechanically interested, instinctively excited about things which, when he stopped to think, were of little or no importance. What was the use of fretting over Smith's pettiness or quarreling with Jones about a mere matter of detail? And yet the life consisted of details, none of which could be disregarded with impunity.

There were days, however, when the struggle embittered him almost beyond endurance, when every face looked hostile or strange, and he longed to have done with it all and drift far away from the restless bustle and ceaseless din. It was at such times that he took refuge in the Thespians, where business seldom entered, and the conversation of the library or smoking-room had other topics than money, mart, or trade.

There were not many members in the club when Kennard entered. This he could see by a glance at the door-keeper's list as he handed his coat and hat to the servant. He passed up the few steps leading from the entrance to the square hall, stopped mechanically at the head of the stairs, and taking the letters out of the pigeon-hole, looked them over.

"I thought you always had your mail addressed to the office."

He turned and smiled at the speaker. "Hello, Nettleton! Haven't seen you for a long time."

"Because you haven't been here."

"I suppose that's true, but if you'd been really friendly, you would have reminded these missives to me."

"Speaking of friends, go into the front room and listen to the argument between Mason and Wilder. It's as good as a play. Better than some."

"Thanks, but your retreat is suspicious."

"Oh, I'm going back again. You'll find them in the front room."

Kennard passed through the square hall to the lounge-room, and found himself in a group of men seated around a low table.

"Hello, Jack!" cried out Mason, as he joined the circle; "you're just the fellow we want. We've been arguing until we're all talked out and obstinate. Sit down and give us the benefit of a fresh mind on the subject."

"Don't let them draw you into this," drawled Leigh, a handsome southerner, sitting with his long legs thrown over the arm of his chair. "It's sheer waste of mental tissue—like solving riddles without prizes."

"Oh, we know your philosophy, Leigh—whatever it is, and whatever isn't, so what's the use of talking about it? But, thank the Lord, we're not all so mentally lazy."

"Um, I think without talking and you talk without thinking; but as to mental activity—"

"Well, just continue your thinking part for a few minutes and let's hear what Kennard has to say about this thing. Now, Harlan, and all of you, see if I don't state the case fairly. By the way, Kennard, you haven't met Mr. Harlan. Allow me to introduce you, gentlemen."

Kennard leaned forward in his chair to greet a tall clean-shaven man who had risen at Mason's introduction.

"Are you responsible for this apple of discord?" asked Kennard, as he shook Mr. Harlan's hand.

"I'm afraid I am, quite unintentionally. An hour ago I supposed there was only one side to the question, and that the one I held myself."

The man smiled pleasantly as he spoke.

"The case is this," began Mason. "My friend, Mr. Harlan, knew two men who were life-long friends. They were classmates in school and roommates in college. Some years ago they came to New York and lived in the same house. One of the men was more successful than the other, and from time to time the latter borrowed money from the former."

"Doesn't he do it beautifully?" asked Wilder, addressing Leigh with mock gravity. "Could any lawyer make it more complicated?"

"Hush!" replied Leigh, holding up a sheet of paper. "I'm figuring out who 'the one' is and who 'the other' is—the latter and what the former—"

"Don't confuse me!"

"As I was saying when these gentlemen interrupted," he began, and paused so theatrically that another interruption threatened—"as I was saying, one of the men borrowed money of the other until the borrowings grew into a large total. The debtor gave in, and the creditor made notes, indorsed by himself. When these were presented for payment it turned out that the mother's signature had been forged and the lender promptly had his friend arrested and sent to Sing Sing. Now, Mr. Harlan, he would rather take the hand of the forger than the hand of the creditor. He would rather be a friend to jail, while I and some of the others think he only did his duty to the community at large. Haven't I stated the case fairly?" he concluded, pompously.

"You might have put it more briefly," commented Wilder. "One man committed forgery and the other committed fraud. The creditor had his friend committed. There's the thing in a nutshell, and for my part I don't want to know either gentleman—with all due respect to your friends, Mr. Harlan."

"Which side do you take, Kennard?" asked Mason, ignoring the speaker.

"I don't think I take either side," replied Kennard, determined not to gratify Mason's desire for argument. "It's difficult enough to judge such a case when you know all the surrounding circumstances; without them it's quite impossible. On the whole, I'm inclined to agree with Wilder, that neither man seems a particularly desirable individual."

"I think the man who is capable of sending his bosom friend to Sing Sing would commit forgery or any other crime under provocation," asserted Mr. Harlan, "but I am not sure the forger would betray his friend, so I give him the benefit of the doubt. That's the way I feel about it. But, then, friendship with me is almost a religion."

Kennard gazed at the speaker with a new interest. There was something in the man's voice that compelled attention, but which fascinated rather than commanded. He had been conscious of a deep-toned musical voice when Mr. Harlan first spoke, but now the earnest, hearty ring of honest conviction sounding through each note completed the charm and made him study the man more closely.

"Who is Mr. Harlan?" whispered Kennard to one of his neighbors, as

Mason began to air his views once more.

"He's first vice president of the Milling Companies. Haven't you ever heard of him before? No, he's not a member here. Mason introduced him. A very able man they say, and mighty good company. Help me switch Mason off this confounded topic and you'll find an interesting man in his friend."

"If you make friendship a religion, Mr. Harlan," began Kennard, as soon as Mason gave him an opening, "you must have been both fortunate and unfortunate in your friendships."

"Why?"

"Because in learning to appreciate true friendship, one is apt to be taught its rareness, and that is a bitter lesson."

"Quite true. Such experiences produce either cynics or devotees. As for myself, I have learned to believe that friendship appeals to the highest aspirations of mankind. All the human relations are, to a greater or less degree, selfish. But the motives underlying friendship seem to me almost free of that cloying touch. Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friend. There is the Biblical authority for my contention. But if friendship is the highest form of the human relation, it requires a high law for its guidance, and, perhaps, severer judgment for its profanation. It is the spirit of friendship, and not blood-relationship, which should interpret that splendid dream about the brotherhood of man."

"Good Lord!" whispered Leigh to Wilder. "Harlan's in the pulpit now. This has got to be stopped. I'm desperate!"

"Speaking of brotherhoods," he remarked, aloud, "how's the new plan working at your factory, Kennard?"

"First-rate, thank you."

"What's your plan, if I may inquire?" asked Mr. Harlan.

"If you are interested in economics, Mr. Kennard, I should like—"

"Interested?" laughed Leigh. "He lives them all day long and dreams them all night. He works ten hours a

day for his workmen and they work eight for themselves. Then he pays them for 12 and goes home to think out how he can better their condition."

"You've heard what Mr. Leigh's specialty is, Mr. Harlan; now you know why we interdict it," said Kennard, as he joined in the general laugh.

"Yes; but if half what he says is true, perhaps you have solved some of the difficulties that to-day cause so many strikes."

"Strikes!" interrupted Leigh. "He's got a waiting list of applicants for jobs two years ahead. It's the biggest snap in the city. Mason and I filed applications, but Kennard knew Mason, and my application hasn't been acted upon yet, I imagine."

"You've got too much imagination for a lawyer, and I vote that if my hobby's to be ridden at all I put it through its paces myself. However, I move we stable it."

"Second the motion," said Wilder.

"I dislike to move an adjournment," remarked Mr. Harlan, rising as he spoke, "but I have an engagement, as I told you, Mr. Mason, at nine o'clock. I should be delighted to see you put your hobby through its paces, Mr. Kennard, for the subject is one in which I am deeply interested. I must say good-night now, but I hope we may meet again for a rocking-horse ride. Good-night, gentlemen."

At his rooms that night Kennard found in his pocket the unopened letter he had taken from the club post-box. It was an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Danville Parsons to meet Mr. Joshua Harlan at dinner on the following Wednesday.

CHAPTER III.

"You know I have not the slightest idea what your name is."

"Were I long-sighted I could almost discover yours."

"Really? I'll put temptation out of your way."

The girl turned down the small dining table at her right hand, and smiled triumphantly at the man beside her.

"I took a similar precaution earlier in the evening," he answered calmly, pointing to the edge of a card protruding from his waistcoat pocket.

"Do you think I require that to learn all I want to know?"

"Yes, for the time being."

"You forget my right-hand neighbor."

"Who doesn't know me?"

"Then you are not the guest of the evening whom every one is supposed to meet?"

"By no means."

"Is there a guest of the evening? I hope not. It seems as though every dinner invitation I've had lately was labeled 'To meet' somebody or other. It really sounds ridiculous. But as I remember it, we're free from that tonight."

"I hate to disillusion you, but my invitation had a tag to it."

"Did it? Who is the lion, then? I suppose I ought to know him."

"Mr. Harlan."

"Mr. Harlan?"

The girl burst out into merry laughter, while Kennard stared at her.

"Do tell me what is so amusing?"

"Why, it's more ridiculous than any of the others. It's like being asked to meet—well, to meet your own father."

"You know him, then?"

"Intimately. Haven't you met?"

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"Yes—once before, which made me wish to meet him again to-night."

"I can understand that."

"Then he isn't one of those men who are interesting for an hour and bores forever after."

"Not at all!"

"I'm glad to hear it. Tell me something more about him. Who and what is he?"

"Well, he's a very clever business man, and vice president of the Milling Companies, and lots of other things in other companies. He's a great reader, a splendid conversationalist, and—yes, I'm an admirer of his, so I think I'd better stop and let you form your own judgment."

"Is he married?"

"He is a widower and has one daughter."

"If she is like him, she must be charming. Is she here?"

"Yes, I'll see that you're presented after dinner, if you'll find some one to introduce you to me."

"Which is she?"

"Which is she? Dear me, Mr. Harlan has made an impression! Let me look. You see that girl at the other end of the table?"

"The one with carnations in her hair? Yes, you must certainly introduce me."

The girl laughed delightedly.

"I will—when I know your name. Does that force you to reveal your identity?"

"You have not done so."

"Ah—let me see? Is that a compliment, I wonder? Don't tell, please. It's so nice to balance the possibilities of a newly turned phrase. We women are supposed to live on compliments, but I think it's ever so much healthier to cherish a remark whose pretty side can cheer and its brutal side correct."

"You are a philosopher."

"No, and I don't think I'd like to be."

"Why not?"

"Because, philosophers always seem to me a weary sort of people who have found all their dolls stuffed with sawdust, and have resolved not to care."


"But all philosophers are not stoics."

"No, but they have a touch of it in their way of looking at things. Some of them find their dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and then hunt around for things to offset this. They think of the flexibility of the dolls, the cheapness of their construction, their freedom from disease. They're calm, resigned, contented, perhaps, but they're never just glad."

"You are like to be 'just glad'?"

"Yes, I do! I like to feel thankful I'm alive, merry with the joy of sunshine, happy with the sense of single Oh, I like to be glad in my heart





## Cascarets

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP**

### ANNUAL SALE—TEN MILLION BOXES

Greatest in the World

**A MILLION ROLLING, ROYSTERING AMERICAN BOYS, the kind that eat too much pie whenever they get a chance, know that there's a sweet little fragrant medicine tablet—a pleasure to eat it—that cures that torture of childhood—SMALL BOYS' COLIC. Sometimes the little girls get it too—but CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the perfect bowel and liver medicine and preventive of childhood's ailments, keep the children's stomachs and systems always in perfectly healthy condition. Wise mothers always keep a box handy in the house. All drugists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Be sure you get the genuine—each tablet marked C. C. O. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.**

### FINE BAKERY

**TO TEMPTING TO PASS BY**

are the fine cakes, pastry, bread, rolls and other things that we bake fresh every day, when we display them in our window. When passing by just step in and leave your order, and we will serve you with everything in our line every day, or whenever you wish it. A postal card, telephone order, or mail will be attended to at once.

TELEPHONE 45-11  
**C. E. RISING**  
Rockland, Maine.

### Don't Be Miserable

... BUT WEAR A ...

#### SMITHSONIAN TRUSS

- Holds in any position.
- Perfectly reliable.
- Easily put on.
- Is anatomically correct.
- It gives the best results.
- Why suffer when it is just as easy to enjoy life?

The Smithsonian Truss can be depended upon in every particular.

— SOLD BY —  
**C. H. MOOR & CO.**  
322 Main Street, Rockland

### KILL THE COUGH

AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's**  
**New Discovery**

FOR CONSUMPTION  
COUGHS and  
COLD

Price  
50c & \$1.00  
Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

### DR. P. E. LUCE

**GYNECOLOGIST**

Specialist on Diseases of Women  
**CAMDEN, MAINE**

Office and Dispensary 35 Elm Street

Electricity pass the door.  
My Hospital will be closed for the summer May 15, but will be reopened the first week in October next. I shall open my Cottage Hospital at Northport Camport about June 15. This is the 18th consecutive season that I have conducted a private hospital at "beautiful, quiet Northport by the Sea." I make a specialty of all cases of chronic inflammation in women—particularly those due to pelvic diseases of any description. Patients enjoy here a quiet, comfortable home, together with the tonic effect of sea air, food, and bathing while under constant medical supervision. Terms reasonable.

FOR PARTICULARS CONSULT OR ADDRESS  
**Dr. P. E. Luce, Camden, Me.**  
P. O. Box 274

### NEW LEXINGTON HOTEL

Boylston & Washington Sts.  
**BOSTON, MASS.**

Fire-proof; new, clean, modern. 250 rooms—150 with bath, strictly first-class appointments, telephones in every room.

IN THE HEART OF THE SHOPPING DISTRICT  
Ten theaters within three blocks;  
within one block of the Common,  
Elevator and Subway Stations.

Ladies Shopping in Boston will find the Restaurant orderly and first-class service at moderate prices.

We cater to the best New England and Commercial patronage.

Rooms \$1.00 per Day and upwards  
**J. D. FANNING**

### Strout's Bargain List

Is the title of our illustrated catalogue, just out, fully describing hundreds of money-making farms; many having stock, tools and crops included. Write today for FREE copy.

If you want to get a quick sale send for our free description blanks.

**E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY,**  
150 Nassau St. N. Y. Tremont Temple, BOSTON

**C. E. DURRELL, Agent**  
CAMDEN, ME.

### DESK GIVEN AWAY

With \$10 worth of our Soaps, Extracts, Spices, Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Toilet Goods and Standard Groceries. Send at once for our new big catalog of 200 PREMIUMS.

**HOME SUPPLY COMPANY**  
Dept. Y AUGUSTA, ME.

**W. S. SHOREY**  
**BOOK BINDER**  
Bath, Me.

**C. B. EMERY**  
**Fresco and Sign Painter**  
ROCKLAND, MAINE.

Cures Cuts and Burns  
Three Crow Golden Anodyne Liniment

### PROFITS OF THE DUMP.

Good Money in Many Old Things That Are Thrown Away.

"I get," said a Philadelphia dump boss, "a week, free rent and the disposal of any dump of value.

"In cans, for instance, belong to me if they are dumped here, and I make a pretty penny out of them. They are turned, you know, into tin soldiers and so forth.

"Corks are another perquisite of mine. Many and many an old broken bottle on this dump had a good cork in it. I get 8 cents a pound for all the corks I find.

"Old shoes are never too old to be sold. They have always one good piece—the piece over the instep—that can be used again. The smaller pieces of good leather cut out of them are made into purses and wristlets.

"Eggshells also have value. Something like 1,000 of them of good shell are used every year in the manufacture of kid gloves and print calicoes.

"Do you see those eighteen barrels behind there? Well, each of those barrels contains its own variety of assorted marketable dunnage. Each will sell when filled at a good price. There are, I believe, fifty-seven varieties of marketable dunnage, and some dumps yield all the varieties. Mine yields twenty-seven."—Philadelphia Press.

### Dr. T. E. TIBBETTS,

**DENTIST.**

Cor. Main and Winter Sts., Rockland.

MAYNARD S. AUSTIN R. W. RICKFORD  
**Austin & Bickford**  
**DENTISTS**  
414 Main St., Rockland, Me.  
Telephone 174-2

**E. B. SILSBY, M. D.**  
Office At Residence 15 Summer St.  
Office hours until 9 a. m., 12 to 2 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m.

**Dr. Rowland J. Waggatt**  
21 SUMMER ST., ROCKLAND, ME.  
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone 31-2

### W. H. KITTREDGE

**APOTHECARY**

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles.  
Prescriptions a Specialty.

90 MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND

**L. D. JONES**  
LAWYER AND TRIAL JUSTICE  
Notary Public, Justice of the Peace  
Discretionary Counsel, Pension Attorney  
Public and Land Surveyor  
Liberty, Maine

### Frank H. Ingraham

**Attorney and Counsellor at Law**

299 Main St., Foot of Park,  
ROCKLAND, MAINE  
Telephone Connection.

**FRANK B. MILLER**  
Attorney at Law  
Formerly Register of Deeds for Knox County.  
Real Estate Law a specialty. Titles examined and abstracts made. Probate practice solicited. Collections promptly made. Mortgage loans negotiated.  
Office 427 Main St., Rockland, Me.  
Over Security Trust Co.

### MR. ROBERT N. LISTER

**VOICE CULTURE AND SINGING**

(ITALIAN OVERTONE METHOD)  
Rockland Season begins June 27. Teaching Hours Limited. Address  
149 A Tremont St., BOSTON, Studio 69

### Miss Fain W. Greenhalgh

A PUPIL OF  
Prof. Carl Baermann, of Boston,  
Will take scholars for Piano-forte instruction at her home  
76 PARK STREET, ROCKLAND, ME.

### A. J. Erskine & Co.

**Fire Insurance Agency,**  
417 MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND, ME.  
Office, rear room over Rockland Nat'l Bank.  
Leading American and English Fire Insurance Companies represented.  
Travelers Accident Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

### OREL E. DAVIES

**OPTICIAN**

ALL WORK IS WARRANTED  
Main Street  
CITY PARK

### C. H. PENDLETON

**DRUGGIST**  
—AND GRADUATE—  
**OPTICIAN**

CONSULTATION FREE  
RANKIN BLOCK  
ROCKLAND

### THE PORCUPINE.

Is His Likelihood For Salt An Acquired or a Natural Taste?

Some men who were camping in the Adirondacks several years ago, on a breaking camp in the autumn left an old tub which was saturated with salt brine. On returning to the same camp the next year they found that the tub had been gnawed until little of it was left. They were not long in finding out what animal had done the work, for the camp was overgrown with Canadian porcupines. At night they became such a nuisance that the campers were obliged to kill them to protect their property. The handle of a paddle was gnawed half through.

The explanation of their presence in such numbers during that year, when they had not been noticed before, is that in the previous year, is that they had made a rendezvous of the camp, being attracted by the old brine tub. On that they feasted all winter and for that reason were greatly pleased with the locality.

An interesting query is this: Is the liking for salt an acquired or a natural taste? Were they ever able to gratify that taste to any extent before man gave them a chance to do so?—St. Nicholas.

### ITEMS FROM ITALY.

A fine Roman pavement of mosaic work has been unearthed at Reggio di Calabria, Italy.

The project of building a bridge to connect Venice with the mainland has been abandoned.

A peasant girl who has been discovered in the Italian village of Coppo, near Ferrara, Italy, although only thirteen years old, stands five feet high, weighs more than 210 pounds and is fifty-eight inches around the chest.

### Force of the Future.

Cut off the future, and man is the most timid of creatures. The demon and dragons are too terrible for him to face and attack. But spread before him the illimitable future, and he will dare all things, certain of the past. Any night, however filled with weeping, can be endured by one who knows that joy is coming in the morning.

### Compensation.

Artist—I've just finished old Cashley's portrait, but I haven't done him justice. Friend—Haven't you? Artist—No; he's paying me handsomely for not doing it.—New York Press.

### Cures the Throat and Lungs

#### BALLARD'S GOLDEN OIL

has been tested and recommended by thousands to be the most wonderful medicine for Croup, Croup, Croup, Asthma, and Sore Throat. Gives quick relief and a cure soon follows. Try it 25c, and 50c at drugists and general stores. Take no substitute.

MANUFACTURED BY  
**Ballard Golden Oil Co.,**  
Old Town, Me.

#### Indigestion Causes Catarrh of the Stomach.

For many years it has been supposed that Catarrh of the Stomach caused indigestion and dyspepsia, but the truth is exactly the opposite. Indigestion causes catarrh. Repeated attacks of indigestion inflame the mucous membranes lining the stomach and expose the glands to secrete mucus instead of the juice of natural digestion. This is called Catarrh of the Stomach.

#### Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

relieves all inflammation of the mucous membranes lining the stomach, protects the nerves, and cures bad breath, sour eructations, a sense of fullness after eating, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

#### Kodol Digests What You Eat

Makes the Stomach Sweet.  
Bottles only. Regular size, \$1.00, 25c, 50c, 10c. Sold by all druggists.  
Prepared by E. O. DEWITT & CO., Chicago, Ill.  
For sale by Wm. H. Kittredge.

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#### THOMASTON

Frank Thomas of Auburn is at his home, Westford, for a few days.

Eliza Whitney is home from Waltham, Mass. for a two weeks' vacation.

Bertha Bradford of Friendship has been spending a few days with Minnie Hill.

Mary Louise Jordan played the violin at the union service at the Congregational church Sunday evening.

Mrs. James Robinson of Boston is at the Starr homestead for the summer.

Mrs. W. H. Gross of Lee, Mass., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Hattie Hodgson is home from Foxborough, Mass. for the summer.

Mrs. Nicholas of Lynn, Mass. is visiting her father, Charles Walker.

William Fessenden of Boston is spending a few days in town with his family.

Peter Hill is having his house on Wadsworth street painted.

Harris Shaw left Monday for Squirrel Island, where he will play the piano at the Squirrel Island House during the summer.

Rhoda Mills of Newton Centre, Mass., was guest of Anna Dillingham, Saturday.

C. H. Washburn has returned from Boston.

Agnes Brown and Eva Wellman left Saturday for Ogunquit, where they will spend the summer.

Charles Lewis of Brookline, Mass. is in town for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jameson of Boston are guests at Edward Brown's, Rockland.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Levensaler of San Francisco are guests at Harriet Levensaler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Levensaler have just returned from a four months' trip abroad.

Emily Dingley of Roxbury, Mass., is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stackpole.

George S. Nye of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in town for a few days.

Mrs. Vesper Robert and Nida Vesper of Dorchester, Mass. are spending a few weeks in town.

Hula Starr of Boston is visiting Mrs. Lucy Starr, Main street.

Maurice Sullivan, who has been in town for two weeks, returned to Boston, Sunday.

Mrs. Merrill Fowler of East Boston is guests at Ellen Fowler's, Knox street.

Harris Shaw of Boston played the organ at the Baptist church Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Lynn, Mass. are in town for a couple of weeks.

Lottie Fish, who is employed in Portland, is at home for a few days.

#### Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as a pine. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at W. H. Kittredge, Rockland, and G. I. Robinson, Thomaston, L. M. Chandler, Camden, drug stores; price 50 cents.

#### MUSKOKA.

Do you know the place? Is not your pleasure has suffered. Take a free trip, a mental little journey through Muskoka by asking for that handsome Muskoka Folder issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System—it contains a large map, nineteen views, and a fund of facts. Take the journey some evening after supper with your wife and children. Then slam the door on the doctor for 1905 by taking your family to Muskoka this summer. Less than a day's journey from principal American cities. The Ideal Family Resort. For all particulars, apply to J. Quinlan, D. P. A., Montreal.

#### UNION

Mrs. J. C. Higgins of Bradley and Miss Helen of Bangs have been visiting their niece, Mrs. Helen Hadley.

Mrs. Al Tolman has been spending a few weeks in Weymouth, Mass.

Miss Addie Bartlett, who teaches in Cambridge, Mass., is home for the summer.

Mrs. Ernest Cummings visited in Augusta last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Seiders have been in Portland for a week's vacation.

Harry Thorndike, who has been in Massachusetts at work, is visiting his mother Mrs. Gusta Thorndike.

Ray Thurston, who has a position as a summer vacationer, is home for a few days.

Miss Alice L. Cole of the Hartford school arrived home Saturday for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Wingate is visiting relatives in George Thorndike and wife are visiting his mother, Mrs. Gusta Thorndike.

The Seven Tree Opera Dramatic club presented the drama "The Doctor" to a full house Thursday evening of last week. The play was followed by a social dance. Ice cream and cake were sold.

School closed here last week with a picnic at Head-of-the-Lake in Hope. About 25 of the pupils went from here with the teacher, Miss Ruth Wentworth.

The Head-of-the-Lake school taught by Miss May Dunbar of South Hope were also having a picnic and there was a lively time on the shore of the lake for a few days.

The afternoon passed off very quickly and pleasantly. Mr. Grasson entertained with some nice selections on his phonograph.

#### LIST OF LETTERS.

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**MEN'S LIST**  
Anderson W. J.  
Asplund Lewis  
Baker W. J.  
Berry Joseph  
Blackburn H. L.  
Brackett Wallace  
Burkett Leon  
Clark Fred  
Collins G. H.  
Ferguson John  
Hall Arthur  
Lattis S.  
Mark Adolbert F.  
McDonald Neil  
McLean John H.  
Patterson Wm.  
Reams L. H.  
Reynolds H. W.

**WOMEN'S LIST.**  
Shaffer D. S.  
Vance F. L.  
Williams L. C.

**BARTER JAMES MRS.**  
Barker E. M.  
Cole E. M. Mrs.  
Ever E. M. Mrs.  
Elin Nina Miss  
Ferguson John  
Hall Arthur  
Jones E. M. Mrs.  
Larabee A. A.  
Neil Stella Miss  
Partridge John  
Parker Isabel  
Pyle Harold

#### Three Good and Just Reasons.

There are three good reasons why mothers prefer One Minute Cough Cure: First, It is absolutely harmless; Second, It tastes good—children love it; Third, It cures Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough when other remedies fail. Sold by W. H. Kittredge.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one druggist in this town who has been able to cure in all the stages, and that is Astoria. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in its efforts. The proprietors have no much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### PORT CLYDE

Miss Ina Upham is home for a visit from Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. Simmons from Boston is stopping at John Wiggins.

Miss Jessie Day of Burketville has been visiting friends here for a few days.

Miss Clara McDowell visited friends here Wednesday.

Hon. Sidney M. Bird and family of Rockland are stopping at the Bird cottage on the Southern shore of Mirror Lake.

#### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Druggist*

What cured my Cough? Three Crow Pine and Elm.

#### TENANT'S HARBOR

Misses Emma Giles and Mabel Farrar returned Saturday from an extended sea voyage in Schooner G. Herbert Taft. While away they visited Washington, Gettysburg, Mount Vernon and other points of interest.

Herbert Cory of Medford, Mass., is spending a two week's vacation at Mrs. J. H. Davis.

Mrs. William Seed and daughter of Newark, New Jersey, are spending the summer with Mrs. G. C. Farrar.

Capt. D. W. Giles of schooner G. Herbert Taft, arrived from Portland Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Tilden of Bar Harbor supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. His discourses were very able and interesting.

Hans Smith of Boston is visiting his mother, Mrs. Caroline Smith.

Miss Harriet B. Long, teacher of Latin in Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., is at home for the summer.

The funeral services of Mrs. Caroline Hall were held at the Second Baptist church Thursday of last week. The deceased was the widow of George Hall and was a former resident of this place, but for many years had resided at Parkville, Long Island, N. Y. She was a life-long member of the Tenant's Harbor Baptist church and a woman of exemplary Christian character. She is survived by a son and daughter.

#### A Smooth Article.

When you find it necessary to use salve use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the purest, and best for Sores, Burns, Boils, Eczema, Itch, Bleeding, Cuts, or Protruding Nails. Get the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by W. H. Kittredge.

#### NORTH WARREN

Road Commissioner Robinson was in this place Saturday with a crew of men repairing the road.

Mrs. Alden Boggs is visiting her son, Levi Boggs, at the village.

Miss Julia Morey went to the village Saturday.

Elmer Post fell from a bicycle Wednesday dislocating his shoulder.

Miss Laura Fuller has returned from Rockland.

Miss Janet Boggs is visiting at Mrs. Alden Boggs.

Mrs. D. W. Merry and two children were at Mrs. T. V. Matthews Wednesday.

George Robbins of Union was in this place Friday selling mowing machines.

E. S. Crawford was in Rockland recently.

Ward Stetson, wife and daughter Mildred are the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Stetson.

D. W. Merry was in Appleton last week and bought a large lot of strawberries.

#### A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will remove all indigestion and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure. Headache, dizziness and constipation are quickly removed. Sold by W. H. Kittredge, Rockland, and G. I. Robinson, Thomaston, and L. M. Chandler, Camden, drug stores.

#### EAST WADSBORO

School in District No. 16, taught by Miss Frances Achorn, closed Saturday. It was discontinued one week on account of the scholars having the measles. Miss Achorn is a very competent teacher well adapted to govern her school, also to win the love of her pupils.

Miss Florence Halsall of East Boston and Miss Edith and Carolyn Spooner of Chelsea are spending a few weeks at A. J. Newbert's.

Miss Helen Carter of Rockland has been visiting Hazel Mank.

Randall Cline came home from Bristol, Saturday.

Mrs. Rice of Bath is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. James Bragdon.

Ralph and Viola Cline of St. George are visiting their cousin, Geneva Bennett.

Hazel Day has been spending a few days in Rockland.

Miss Hanna of New Harbor has been visiting her sister, Miss Bessie Hoffes.

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Lattis S.  
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Ever E. M. Mrs.  
Elin Nina Miss  
Ferguson John  
Hall Arthur  
Jones E. M. Mrs.  
Larabee A. A.  
Neil Stella Miss  
Partridge John  
Parker Isabel  
Pyle Harold

#### For Sale

### In Rockport, Me.

A house located on Ambury hill, overlooking Rockport harbor. The view is very beautiful. A large two-story house, with slate roof, painted white, green blinds, has wide piazza on the front. House contains eleven large rooms. Large lot of land, with apple and shade trees. Electric cars pass the door. Cost to build, \$5,000. I will sell it taken at once for only \$1,200.

**L. F. CLOUGH**  
ROCKLAND, MAINE.  
Telephone 177-11

#### Something for Nothing

My advice on all matters of interior decoration is absolutely FREE.

My experience must be worth something to you.

If we don't agree on prices we are still friends.

New Importation English and German papers arrived this week.

**EDWIN H. CRIE**  
INTERIOR DECORATOR  
GLOVER BLOCK  
Telephones 245-4, 42-3

#### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Druggist*

What cured my Cough? Three Crow Pine and Elm.

### I Like Coffee

I can't drink it because it makes me dizzy and bilious, so I DRINK THE BEST SUBSTITUTE

### OLD GRIST MILL WHEAT COFFEE

IT TASTES GOOD AND IS VERY HEALTHFUL

Some of the wealthiest Newport cottagers have decided to fight the tax assessors at that fashionable resort, claiming that this year's levy on personal property is outrageous beyond endurance. John B. Drexel of Philadelphia and several other millionaires are seeking legal redress. By a tacit understanding the cottagers are to boycott Newport tradesmen. Despite the early season thus far 178 cottagers have ordered their meats, fish, vegetables, etc., sent from the New York market in lead boxes. They have engaged a society woman who has seen better days to be their agent in New York, and who is to visit the markets and buy the stuff for Newport cottagers. She is paid \$100 a month and is not allowed to accept a commission.

#### Indigestion Cured.

There is no case of Indigestion, Dyspepsia or Stomach Trouble that will not yield to the digestive and strengthening influence of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. This remedy takes the strain off the stomach by digesting what you eat and allowing it to rest until it grows strong again. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure affords quick and permanent relief from indigestion and all stomach troubles, builds up the system and so purifies that the disease cannot attack and gain a foothold as when in a weakened condition. The constantly increasing use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure by physicians of hospital and general practice of itself tells how this most wonderful modern discovery has proven to be the greatest constant for the alleviation of a suffering humanity. Its many cures of both children and adults grows larger day by day. Sold by W. H. Kittredge.

### Gasoline Motor

The Old Reliable

### MIANUS

OUTSOLD ALL OTHER MAKES 1904

... 1905 ...  
BETTER THAN EVER, SIMPLE, POWERFUL, LOW IN PRICE, HIGH IN QUALITY

Both Phones  
PORTLAND, ME.  
Mianus Motor Works  
29 PORTLAND PIER 4-55

### Palmer Gasoline Engine

Best known and most reliable engine on the market.  
DON'T BUY EXPERIMENTS.  
1904 Prices  
1 1/2 H.P., \$85  
3 H.P., \$100  
5 H.P., \$125  
7 H.P., \$150

COMPLETE, INCLUDING WHEEL AND SHAFT.  
4 Cycle Jump Spark Marine Engines, from 3 to 24 H.P. High speed and light. Prices from \$125 to \$800. A Special Discount will be given for the next 30 days. Write for same.  
PALMER BROS., COR COR COR, 1217

### For Sale

### In Rockport, Me.

A house located on Ambury hill, overlooking Rockport harbor. The view is very beautiful. A large two-story house, with slate roof, painted white, green blinds, has wide piazza on the front. House contains eleven large rooms. Large lot of land, with apple and shade trees. Electric cars pass the door. Cost to build, \$5,000. I will sell it taken at once for only \$1,200.

**L. F. CLOUGH**  
ROCKLAND, MAINE.  
Telephone 177-11

### Something for Nothing

My advice on all matters of interior decoration is absolutely FREE.

My experience must be worth something to you.

If we don't agree on prices we are still friends.

New Importation English and German papers arrived this week.

**EDWIN H. CRIE**  
INTERIOR DECORATOR  
GLOVER BLOCK  
Telephones 245-4, 42-3

### Dr. A. W. Taylor

—DENTIST—  
GOLD and PORCELAIN CROWNS and BRIDGE WORK  
400 MAIN STREET ROCKLAND

### MAINE CENTRAL

Parlor and Sleeping Cars between Rockland and Boston.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 5, 1905

**CLASSIFIED TRAINS leave Rockland as follows:**

**8.00 a. m.** for Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville, Bangor, St. John, Portland, and Boston, arriving in Boston at 4:15 p. m.

**1.10 p. m.** for Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston at 4:15 p. m.

**1.40 p. m.** for Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville, Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston at 4:15 p. m.

**9.00 p. m.** daily, Sundays included, for Bath, Lewiston, Portland, Bangor, Augusta, Waterville, Bangor, St. John, and Boston, arriving in Boston at 4:15 p. m.

**4.45 a. m.** from Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, and all points east and west.

**10.42 a. m.** Morning train from Portland, Bangor, Lewiston, Waterville, and Rockland, arriving in Rockland at 7:30 a. m.

**3.55 p. m.** from Portland, Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, and all points east and west.

**8.55 p. m.** from Boston, Portland, St. John, Bangor, and all points east and west.

**STEAMER SAPHO**  
Leaves Rockland at 5:30











"The Very Best You Ever Used" for Derangement of the Stomach and Bowels



For Constipation and Sick Headache, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, from one to two

**"Good Morning Call" TABLETS**

will have a pleasing effect.

"They take away that tired feeling, rejuvenate the organic system and prolong life's pleasures"

These tablets act upon the bowels without you feeling that they are at work, they do not gripe nor act with violence; they are a gentle laxative. We could fill this space with a new testimonial every day, but consider it best to tell you about the tablets and let you find out how very pleasantly they act on the LIVER, STOMACH, BOWELS.

Price, 10c and 25c

W. H. Kittredge  
Worcester Drug Co.  
Willard C. Puffer

C. H. Meier & Co.  
W. J. Conkey  
C. H. Pendleton

A. D. Champney

"Good Morning Call" Co., Sole Makers, Haverhill, Mass.

## REDUCTION IN PRICES

Genuine Susquehanna and Lehigh

**COAL!**

All Sizes, \$7.00 per ton

EXTRA QUALITY STEAM COAL  
Special Price to Large Consumers.

Drain Pipe, Cement and Lime

Other Masons' Building Material at Bottom Prices.

PROMPT DELIVERY

**FRED R. SPEAR**

5 PARK STREET

## THE ROCKLAND MUSIC SCHOOL

CONDUCTED BY

MRS. CARRIE B. SHAW and MRS. EMMA E. WIGHT

...43 PARK STREET...

INSTRUCTION EITHER PRIVATE OR IN CLASSES  
KINDERGARTEN, INTERMEDIATE, JUNIOR AND  
ADVANCED GRADES.

Frequent Recitals and Technicals afford opportunity for  
Pupils to acquire ease and confidence in playing before others.  
For further information inquire of

MRS. SHAW or MRS. WIGHT

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

## BURN COKE! BURN COKE!

Coke is worth as much as coal,  
Will last as long, and  
Gives as much heat.

**COSTS ONLY \$4.00 Per Ton**  
AT THE GAS HOUSE.

ROCKLAND, THOMASTON & CAMDEN STREET RAILWAY  
445 MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND

## HERRICK & GALE

Dealers in Cemetery Work of All Kinds.

WE CARRY A LARGER AND GREATER VARIETY OF STYLES THAN ANY OTHER CONCERN IN THIS SECTION OF THE STATE.

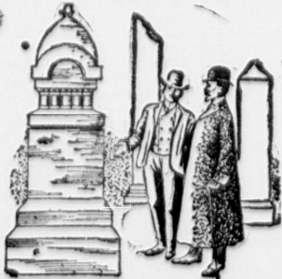
We can suit you in Styles,  
Prices and Quality of Work.

We employ the best of workmen and  
can give you the best quality of  
work. Nothing but the best is every  
way will do.

Now is the Time to select your  
work for the Spring Delivery.

Call and see us, or send postal, and  
we will call and see you with designs.

282 Main Street, Rockland



### HOT WEATHER DRINKS.

Of the Kind That Has No Fear of the  
Sturgis Commission.

Strawberry or raspberry punch is very  
delicious. Squeeze the juice from the  
berries, and pour two cupsful of this  
upon a cupful of granulated sugar.  
When the sugar is dissolved, add the  
juice of a lemon and a quart of cold  
water. Have it very cold before serving,  
and stir the top with a handful  
of the whole berries.

Feed chocolate deserves to be better  
known. Make it as you would any good  
chocolate. Stir together over the fire  
four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate  
and three tablespoonfuls of granulated  
sugar with three cupsful of hot milk  
and one cupful of hot water, and let  
simmer for fifteen minutes. Add one  
teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of  
salt, beat up well with a wire egg-beater,  
then set aside to become perfectly  
cold. Serve in tall glasses and with a  
sprig of vanilla ice cream or un-  
sweetened whipped cream on top.

A temperance egg-nog is sometimes  
acceptable for those who must take  
nourishment as well as refreshment  
with their beverages. Beat the whites  
and the yolks of the eggs separately  
and very thoroughly, and add sugar in  
the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of  
this and half a cupful of cold water to  
each egg. Beat all together with a wire  
egg-beater, whip in the frothed whites,  
a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and a  
very little of the grated rind. Turn into  
glasses, and heap whipped cream on  
top of each glass.

Grape-juice is a very delicious drink.  
To make it, rub two lumps of sugar  
upon a lemon and two upon an orange  
until they are colored with the oil of  
the fruit skin. On these squeeze the  
juice of the orange and lemon, and let  
them stand for half an hour. Pour on  
them a pint of grape-juice, and turn  
the liquid over a large lump of ice in a  
punch bowl, and add to the cup a dozen  
each of strawberries, cherries and rasp-  
berries. Add a pint of some good  
charged water—Woman's Home Com-  
panion for July.

### Sick Wives and Daughters.

You have often seen them with pale  
faces, poor appetite, head and back  
ache, symptoms common to the sex.  
Fathers and mothers, lose no time in  
securing Dr. David Kennedy's SONS  
Remedy. It will cost only one dollar  
and is much cheaper than sickness.  
Write to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons,  
Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bot-  
tle.

### NORTH DEER ISLE

Mr. and Mrs. Mark C. Whitmore  
have gone to Camden for a week.  
Miss Bessie Scott has gone to Bar  
Harbor, where she will be a guest of  
Mrs. Raymond Joy for a few days.  
Miss Ethel Thompson has returned  
from Medford, Mass., where she spent  
the winter and spring.

Miss Mattie Adams of Medford, Mass.  
is visiting Mrs. Charles Thompson.  
Leon Simmonds of Worcester, Mass.  
is spending his vacation at the Reach.  
Miss Mary Knight and Miss Mattie  
Knight are attending the summer  
school at Orono.

Franklin Hardy, who has been em-  
ployed on the schooner Ellen Baxter,  
arrived home Tuesday.

Frank Hardy, who has the contract  
to carry the mail, made his first trip  
Saturday.

Mrs. Nathan Lowe has gone to Bangor  
to join her husband, who has ar-  
rived there in the schooner Ellen Baxter.

About 50 friends of Capt. and Mrs.  
George Torrey and Capt. and Mrs.  
Ernest Torrey made a social party  
at the home of their mother, Mrs.  
Alonzo Hutchinson, last Friday evening.  
The company was very cordially  
received and spent the evening in  
social converse.

A large bay horse was landed here  
Thursday last week from Boston for  
Arthur Campbell.  
Elmer Hardy met with a serious ac-  
cident one day last week while mowing  
hay in his field. He had stepped in  
front of the machine when the horse  
started, cutting Mr. Hardy's foot across  
the instep in a very grave manner,  
severing the cord and artery. Two  
physicians were called and he was  
made comfortable. Fears were ex-  
pressed that he may be permanently  
crippled.

The Diamond Cure.  
The latest news from Paris is, that  
they have discovered a diamond cure  
for consumption or pneumonia. It will,  
however, be best for you to take that  
great remedy mentioned by W. T. Mc-  
gee, of Vanier, Tenn. "I had a cough  
for fourteen years. Nothing helped me,  
until I took Dr. King's New Discovery  
for Consumption, Coughs and Colds,  
which gave instant relief, and effected  
a permanent cure." Unequaled quick  
cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At  
W. H. Kittredge and the G. I. Robin-  
son, Thomaston, L. M. Chandler, Cam-  
den, drug stores; price 50c and \$1,  
guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of  
J. C. Atkinson

Will Cure a Cough  
Three Crow Pine and Elm.

## WINTER COAL

...AT...

**Summer Prices**

### NOW is the Time to

Order—Have it put  
in your bins when  
you please.

Is cheaper now than  
it will be again this  
year.

Ask for one of our  
ICE CARDS

**Thorndike & Hix**

Telephone 533-4

What cured my cough? Three Crow  
Pine and Elm.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of  
J. C. Atkinson



MISS GENEVIEVE MAY.  
CATARRH OF STOMACH  
CURED BY PE-RU-NA.

Miss Genevieve May, 1817 S. Meridian  
St., Indianapolis, Ind., Member Second  
High School Alumni Ass'n, writes:  
"Peruna is the finest regulator of a  
disordered stomach I have ever found.  
It certainly deserves high praise, for it  
is skillfully prepared."

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The  
Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio,  
for free medical advice. All corres-  
pondence held strictly confidential.

### SOME GRANITE CHIPS.

The granite business remains about  
the same as earlier in the summer. The  
usual number of men is employed here  
although there is no particular rush of  
work.

Quiet reigns supreme at Vinhaven  
but there are those who come from  
there who assert more or less con-  
fidentially that the stillness and inacti-  
vity are only that which precedes a  
storm of business activity. The Rod-  
well Company is making some exten-  
sive and costly improvements in the  
way of compressors, etc., and when  
completed there appears to be little  
doubt but that the plant will be one of  
the best equipped in the country. Busi-  
ness is good at Waldoboro with all  
hands working.

Concerning the apt discussion of air  
in cutting sheds and the effects of cold  
air on the human system a prominent  
granite cutter has the following to say:  
"The urgency of this ventilation  
question can not be over estimated. It  
is of much more importance than any  
question of wages, hours of labor, or  
such a trumpery matter as weekly pay,  
of which we have heard a good deal  
lately. Wages is often forced up by  
powerful trade unions with the result  
that the workmen are obliged to strain  
their energies to the utmost limit in or-  
der to retain a place in the strenuous  
race for a livelihood. Then by and  
by the necessities of life are raised,  
sometimes beyond the ratio of the ad-  
vance in wages, and the workman has  
to content with the somewhat doubt-  
ful benefit of having to work harder for  
the increased money he earns, and  
which increased money has little or no  
more purchasing power than he former  
smaller wages had. I fully believe in  
progress along all lines of industrial  
and social activity, and it seems to me  
as if the time were come when the doc-  
trine of getting better conditions to  
work under could be preached, in pre-  
ference to that of raising wages or get-  
ting it oftener than semi-monthly."

Several of our farmers will commence  
haying next Monday. The crop will be  
about an average one.

Killing the Birds.  
She—Do you believe we can kill with  
kindness, Walter?  
He—Certainly, I do, but I hope you're  
not going to feed those birds the cake  
you just made, dear.—Yonkers States-  
man.

Worse Than Calm.  
Church—And you say he is calm in the  
face of danger?  
Gotham—Calm's no word for it! Why,  
when his wife gets after him he never  
says a word!—Yonkers States-  
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### WALDOBORO

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Dow and two  
daughters, of Hartford, Conn., are at T.  
S. Brown's, Main street, for the sum-  
mer. Mrs. Dow is a native of Waldo-  
boro and a cousin of Mrs. Brown. Mr.  
Dow formerly resided here and the en-  
tire family look forward to their annual  
vacation in Waldoboro with much sat-  
isfaction.

Miss A. T. Mathews of Warren, was in  
town Friday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Trafton of Mol-  
rose, Mass., were here Saturday, en-  
route to Mrs. Trafton's old home at  
North Waldoboro.

Otis M. Kaler of Somerville, Mass.,  
is enjoying his annual visit to Waldo-  
boro. Mr. Kaler is a veteran of the 21st  
Maine Regiment and is now an em-  
ployee of the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Mrs. Fannie Davis and two children  
of New Jersey are at Mrs. Charles  
Comney's.

So far as we have been able to learn  
the graduation exercises of the Waldo-  
boro High school, Friday night of last  
week passed off with success. The  
church was crowded and the graduat-  
ing class acquitted themselves with  
honor. The graduation was followed  
by a ball in Clark's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Standish of Bos-  
ton are at Miles Standish's, Mrs. Stand-  
ish's sister, Mrs. Metcalf, and two  
children of Winthrop, Mass., are at  
Hotel Davis.

Miss Jessie and Faye Keene are home  
from the Wesleyan University, Middle-  
town, Conn., for three months' vaca-  
tion.

E. A. Glidden & Co., are very busy  
with orders for monumental work, re-  
quiring the employment of extra help.  
They recently set a granite monument  
in the German cemetery for E. J. H.  
Miller and family and have four more  
in the sheds besides a large amount of  
tablet work.

Capt. Millard Wade is at home.  
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